

THE
Nassau Literary Magazine.

EDITORS:

LESTER P. BRYANT, III.

WILLIAM M. GAMBLE, Pa.

WILLIAM F. MCCOMBS, JR., Ark.

FREDERICK J. H. SUTTON, N. Y.

MEADE T. WILLIAMS, Mo.

MANAGING EDITOR:

ROBERT D. DRIPPS, Pa.

BUSINESS MANAGER:

DANIEL F. ALTLAND, Pa.

VOL. LIII.

DECEMBER, 1897.

No. 5.

ABENDS-RUHE.

The sun had set over the mountains,
The long summer twilight begun,
And silence sat deep on the forests ;
The work of the world was done.

A bank of clouds ruddy with sunset
Hung low in the western sky,
The gloom in the east was deepening
And the Day was about to die,

The mass of the clouds is parted,
To our fancy a stream flows through ;
Its banks are the tint of roses,
Its ripples are silvery blue.

From the shores rise pleasant hillsides,
On a cliff stands a palace high ;
Of ruby and pearl are its turrets,
And their spires reach up to the sky.

The mountains below are in darkness,
Their peaks the deep purple of kings,
And our hearts are filled with the gladness
That the calm of the evening brings.

—*W. W. Staake.*

THE FOOTBALL SITUATION.

The football season of '97 has now come and gone. It is not the first time that our hopes have been shattered ; it is not the first time that we have returned to Princeton downcast and disappointed. We have learned to take our defeats manfully—but surely this has been the greatest disappointment of them all, not only to the undergraduates who have trudged down to the 'Varsity field for every practice and who, rain or shine, have stood shoulder to shoulder and encouraged the team by their cheers and spirit, not only to the team itself and to the men who have given up their time and who have sacrificed many other things in order to come back and assist in the coaching, but also to the great army of Alumni, who, though scattered East, West, North and South, have the same spirit, the same love and loyalty for old Princeton as the most reverend Senior or the most enthusiastic Freshman.

We began the year with fairly bright prospects, our team improved day by day, we played many hard games and, up to the final contest, showed a record that no other eleven in the country could boast of ; and yet—we were defeated, defeated by a team which had been repeatedly

scored upon and twice tied, defeated by a college whose own undergraduates and followers did not believe had a one to two chance. Why? Now that we have partly recovered from the shock, now that we have begun to realize the situation, we turn to one another and ask the question, why? What is the cause and where lies the blame?

It is not lack of spirit. Can anyone harbor such a thought who saw that little band of men (a mere handful in so large a crowd) sending forth cheer after cheer and singing with might and main in face of almost certain defeat? Can anyone question a spirit which made that same little band stand up, and, as they saw their team—defeated and broken down—leave the field, cheer them one by one? And when he who took part in the struggle, sore in body and mind, afraid almost to meet his fellow classmates, returns to college, and tries to escape unobserved to his room, Jim sees him from across the campus and running over, clasps him by the hand and says, "cheer up, old boy; we know you did your best." And Bob putting his arm affectionately around him says, "yes, Tom, you all did your best and we're still proud of our team." And Tom feels ashamed—ashamed to think he was able to walk off the field. After he gets back to his room the whole thing comes home to him and he thanks God he went to Princeton. No, it is most certainly not lack of spirit. Nor has it ever been lack of spirit and before going any further we may say, and proudly say, that at Princeton there always has been and always will be the grandest and truest spirit that ever existed in any college and that no team ever represented Princeton that did not have with them the utmost faith and loyalty of every undergraduate; and in victory or defeat, success or adversity, that loyal spirit stands out as one of the grandest and best things of Princeton.

Since the spirit of the college in general has been shown to have been all right we may now bring the dis-

cussion down to the team itself, the manner of training, and so forth. In order to go over the matter thoroughly it might be well to glance back upon a few past seasons. Perhaps we may be able to bring out some points that will help us in the future. Let us go back the length of our college course, four years. The present Senior class were then freshmen, but they will easily recall with what bright prospects the football season was inaugurated. We had won the championship the year before, and of that championship team eight had returned, and besides, never before had so many promising candidates turned out to try for the team. Everything pointed to a successful year—but what happened? For some reason or other three of the best players were unable to get into condition and were utterly useless to the team; things went from bad to worse and after losing to Pennsylvania we were defeated at Manhattan field 24 to 0. Most of us know the reason for this bad showing, but the question arises—whose fault was it that these three players were not able to get into condition? Who is to blame for the state of affairs that existed then?

In '95 we determined to profit by the lessons of the previous year and began by the selection of a most able captain: the men worked hard, and the team that lined up against Harvard was in many respects as good as any that had ever represented the Orange and Black. Harvard had a fine eleven and fully expected to win, but they didn't. Princeton won, and not on a fluke but by completely outplaying her opponents. Everyone felt encouraged, but a week later to the surprise of us all, Cornell was defeated by only one touchdown and that in the last few minutes of play. The team seemed to have gone to pieces and they were all given a rest. But the form of the Harvard game was never regained and we were again defeated by Yale 20-10. That season certainly furnished a good deal of food for reflection. We had a better team than Yale, but Yale outplayed us.

Why? There was without doubt an element of hard-luck connected with it. Besides, one or two mistakes were made in regard to selecting the team, but they were made with the best intentions and we can hardly blame the men who were responsible for them. The team appeared to be in fairly good condition, but did not play as well as they did against Harvard and we may again ask, why?

Last year we profited by the lessons of the two previous years. We defeated both Harvard and Yale, and at last won an undisputed title to the championship. In reviewing this season a few important points are brought to light. First, the men from the beginning to the end of the season were in good condition. Second, we did not get into form until the latter part of the year. Our game against Harvard was only fair, while that against Yale was the best of the season, which showed that our development was consistent, and that contrary to previous years we improved instead of falling off during the last few weeks. Third, during the whole season there were few injuries and no cases of sickness. Fourth, in the Yale game but one man was taken out and he only during the last few minutes.

In regard to the season just past, although we had several old men back our prospects, were not over bright at the beginning of the year owing to lack of material, still the men worked hard and we developed what had every indication of being as good a team as that of '96. But again we were defeated. And now, as we look back upon the past four years, instead of seeing three championships, as we ought, we see but one. In saying this we do not underestimate Yale; Yale is always hard to beat, and always plays her best. Her team of '95, however, was not her team of '94, and she hardly looked for a victory. Her confidence in '96 was brought about by the victory of '95, and every one knows that this year she had not much hope of winning.

What has been the trouble at Princeton? The object of this article is not to answer this question definitely but merely to consider it in the hope of discovering some useful truths. We have spoken of the spirit in the college at large and we may say that the same spirit has existed among the members of the team. There has been rivalry, but no ill-feeling, the coaches have always tried to select the best man for the place and even a former member of the team has always had to earn his position over again. The men have all worked hard and trained faithfully. There has been no grumbling, no shirking, and no fault finding. "For Princeton first, last and all the time" is a motto of the Club house. The Captain has been loved and respected by all and there was not a man who did not have implicit confidence in him and who would not have done anything which he asked.

Where then lies the trouble? Is it in the coaching, the general system of play, or the training? The captain most certainly needs some older heads, some experienced men, to whom he may turn for help and advice. This year the Princeton team had more coaches than that of any other university. But does their worth lie in numbers? When there are too many is it not apt to be a case of "too many cooks?" What is the use of a coach? To give his help and advice to a player in regard to a certain position. Can he do it better by standing behind him and shouting at him, or by putting on a suit and playing opposite him for a few days? The coaches collectively are the power behind the throne. They meet and discuss the merits and demerits of the team in general and of the men in particular. On this year's eleven there were several old players; two had played for four years, three for three years. Did the coaches put enough confidence in these men? Has Princeton always gotten the most out of her veteran players? Look over the past few years and see. In respect to the new men,

should they be taken aside and talked to until they are made to feel that the whole game rests upon them? Should they be *scared* into playing well or would it not be better to give them a little confidence, show them that their opponents are no better than they and that they should have no thought of being outplayed? We should respect our rivals but should we fear them?

Experience has shown Princeton's system of play to be all right. Our offense when properly put into execution is as good as that of any team. To prove this we have only to look at the games with minor colleges and compare our scores with those of our rivals. The defense has also been well developed and we can hardly find fault with a system which has proven so clearly effective, when played as it should be.

There is one other point, however, which may be brought up and that is, what sort of play is most effective against traditional opponents, concerning whose tactics we have always had more or less knowledge. No two teams play exactly alike. Would it not be wise to fight the battle before going on the field? We watch our rivals from one end of the year to the other, we try to obtain an idea as to their play. We know our own strength, we know something of their weakness. If we should lay out a plan of battle, instruct the men exactly as to what they should do and as to the style of game they should play, would not the result be better? Would we then show the hesitancy and uncertainty which marked part of the game this year? Would the quarterback then hesitate as to whether he should kick, or if not as to what other sort of play he should use?

The history of football whether we turn to Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania, or to any other university, has shown conclusively that the team which wins is always the team in the best condition. Look at our team of '93, of '96, and Yale's team this year; in the first case not a man had to leave the game, in the second but one, and that

was unnecessary, in the third, not one. Princeton has always had two men to look after the physical condition of the players, a trainer and a doctor, both of whom live at the Club house and are hence constantly with the team. Why both? Are they not apt to interfere with one another? Who has the say as to whether a man is fit to play? The trainer most certainly should be able to take care of all sprains and bruises received in the game, he should be capable of telling at a glance a player's condition. Then why have a doctor? In case of severe injuries? But take this year for example; two men were sent to a specialist in New York and one to Philadelphia. The trainer is certainly essential, and should have entire control of the physical condition of the men. He should look after their food and their habits, he should have the say as to the length of their practice and as to a man's ability to play. His word in these respects should be law. If he is not capable of doing all this, or if the coaches have not enough confidence in him to give him so much authority, he is certainly not the man for the place.

The doctor, also, may be useful, but he should merely *assist* the trainer, and his aid is hardly necessary except in case of sickness or severe injury. There are several good doctors in Princeton, any one of whom could be on the field at every practice. Suppose that several years ago, we had adopted the plan of regularly giving over the medical care of the team to some one of these men. That doctor, to-day, from the experience gained would have been an invaluable man to the teams, and look at the experimenting that would have been done away with and the money saved.

There has been much said against the training here this season, and look at it how we may, we cannot escape from the fact that the team certainly was in poor shape. And whose fault was it? Has the trainer ever had enough authority to make it possible to lay the blame on his shoulders? We recall the fact that two of the best players

seemed to be unable to get into condition and were constantly ailing. Can we blame the trainer, the doctor or the coaches? We also recall the fact that the team as a whole fell off during the last two weeks not only in their physical condition but also in their play. Whose fault was this? When we lose we try to find some one to blame. When we win we praise everybody. It seems, however, as though our training methods could be improved. Do we not overdo the whole matter? Is it necessary to start the men the first day on strict training food and keep them on the same diet throughout the season? Is the same sort of training necessary for a football team as for pugilists? Should all the men be trained alike? Should the same sort of diet be given a man weighing 215 pounds as that given to one weighing 150? Should they be given the same sort of work? These are questions for the trainer and he should be able to answer them.

Football is a grand game, one of the grandest we have. But on account of the wide interest it excites, are we not liable to let the game get away from us? Are we not liable to pay too much attention to outside opinion? We should be able to profit much from the past season. Not only by considering our own mistakes but also by considering the success of our opponents. Let us quietly set to work, let us give the training over to one man. Embody him with all the authority he should have, and then if the players are not in condition we know where to place the blame. Let us have one or two experienced men—men who have shown their ability—take entire charge of the coaching. Let us map out a definite system for next year and then *let us follow it*. We should play more than one big game. It is better for the college and for the team; but above all things let us show our opponents that the time has passed when we have to have twice the better team in order to win.

—W. H. Bannard.

THE LIFE OF THOUGHT.

'Tis sweet, I find,
To sit in pensive mood and slippèd ease
Before the crooning fire, which gently lures
To reverie and peace.

The rich, warm glow
Touches with splendour soft each object near ;
While Thought delights to spread its wings and seek
The empyreal sphere.

As time speeds on
These long hours wasted I would loth confess ;
But, wrapped in curling wreaths of smoke, I find
Excuse for idleness.

The deepest life
Boasts not the noisy stir that action makes ;
Is silent as the mellow soil, from which
The summer glory breaks.

When care has flown,
The distant curtain upward seems to roll ;
The eye discerns the path of Thought divine,
The mystery of the soul.

Lester P. Bryant.

AS TO MR. CRAWFORD.

"Half a dozen books, or less, will make a reputation ; ten will sustain one ; twenty are in ordinary cases a career ;" writes Mr. Crawford ; but though he has long exceeded this limit the popular judgment is still held in abeyance. It is hard to estimate a living writer—we lack the necessary perspective—yet there is usually a more or less definite under-current of opinion as to an author's rank. In Mr. Crawford's case, however, opinion varies greatly, and this

is due not so much to the changing standpoint of his readers, as to the varying quality of his own work. Witness the difference between his Italian novels and those of Anglo-Saxon life. But despite the number of his books he is far from being written out, and many indications lead his admirers to believe that his best work is yet to come.

Whatever the world's judgment may be when Mr. Crawford shall have passed off the stage, there can at least be no question as to the trend and purpose of his work. No writer has put himself on record more clearly or lived up to his convictions more conscientiously than he.

He stands as the exponent of the novel-without-a-purpose. "In art of all kinds," he declares, "the moral lesson is a mistake." The first object of the novel is to amuse. It is "a little pocket-theatre" in which the author is "architect, scene painter, upholsterer, dramatist, and stage manager all at once" and "the novel is excellent according to the degree in which it produces the illusion of a good play. . . . The play is the thing and the illusion is eminently necessary to success."

Together with the purpose-novel he condemns the English "realistic" novel, for while it possesses all the coarseness of its French model, it lacks its strength and boldness and is only mean and contemptible. By this "realism" Mr. Crawford does not mean truth to nature, for, according to its truth a novel must stand or fall. The characters in the drama of life presented in the pocket theatre must be real, living men and women, not bizarre and fantastic creatures of the imagination, placed in positions possibly unusual, that will freely illustrate the elemental human passions. By treating of the constant elements of man's character, the passions, especially of love, a novel may not be written for the moment but for all time. Though he disclaims any purpose in his work, his ideal is high. Art is a serious thing and must never sink into the burlesque or

degrading. Its function is to amuse but it must be an elevating amusement containing nothing that could make one's character deteriorate; and if by revealing human possibilities it can implant a love of higher things, by so much the more is it the greater art.

That he has striven to live up to his ideals will, I think, be unanimously conceded. His work is amusing if nothing else and we are never led into fruitless, grimy discussions of the *Sarah Grand* type. Passions he loves to depict, and strong ones at that, but there is nothing to cause a blush to the most innocent. He never confounds evil with good and the lesson he inculcates, if he ever does inculcate one, is pure.

His aim, then, is to amuse by a story which shall be a page taken from life, filled with stirring incidents which will draw out and develop his characters. Here we have the reason for the difference between his Italian novels and those of Anglo-Saxon and especially of American life. He takes little interest in the lower classes. The *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and *Bonhomme Jacques* possess small attraction for him, and the life of his cultivated and usually rich American is too artificial, conventional and commonplace to afford opportunities for the dramatic situations he loves. Anglo-Saxons chill his touch; they think too much and are dominated more by the head than by the heart.

In Italy, however, he finds a wider range. Things may happen there to-day which would be impossible in any other civilized country, for the Italian, despite his antiquity, is more a child of nature, more impulsive and passionate than are we. Questions which have long been burning in the minds of other people seem of little moment there, and Mr. Crawford's noblemen feel themselves too surely noble by divine right to be troubled by social questions. He is never tempted in dealing with them as he is with Americans, to preach a sermon. *A Rose of Yesterday*, his one

crime against his own standards, deals with members of our own race. His Italian characters certainly appeal to us more strongly than his others, but it is not safe to say that he is not at home here, for he possesses an insight into character that is keen and sure. He likes nothing better than to contrast widely different types. But he is happier there. Besides knowing his Italy he loves it, and herein lies the greater charm. He needs its bright lights and deep shadows, its mighty passions and strong loves, its dark-eyed, impulsive men and women. Here he can run through the whole gamut of human strength and weakness.

We have said that Mr. Crawford is fond of stirring plots, but chiefly for the sake of developing his characters, for he is above all a student of character. "The proper study for mankind is man" would be a fit motto for all his work. He is a keen observer and no action is too insignificant for him to watch, hoping thereby to sound the mysterious and secret springs of human motives. Our characters are often shown better in our little doings than in our greater actions. We are less self-conscious in them. This leads him into one of his most trying faults. Often the whole movement of the plot is arrested that he may tell us that the enjoyment the Englishman gets from his pipe is greater than the American finds in nervously chewing his cigar or smoking it with delicate nicety; or to tell us how people read newspapers, and what insight we may gain by watching persons looking out of windows. Yet it is often by these little touches that he makes his characters stand out with a vividness all his own, and gives his work a natural and probable air.

But with all Mr. Crawford's masterly skill in delineation, and despite the fact that he has given some twenty-six books to the public, none of his characters seem to have crept into contemporary literature. We have yet to hear *Pietro Ghisleri*, *Paul Griggs*, *Giovanni Saracinesca*, or

Kathrine Lauderdale referred to as are *John Rudd*, *Diana Vernon*, *Henry Esmond*, or *Mr. Pickwick*. This is not because he has introduced us into a cramped circle of acquaintances. Americans, Englishmen, Russians, Frenchmen, and Italians pass before us and we declare each one to be eminently natural, and, having enjoyed the book, we put it down and forget them all. All of the great characters which have been stamped on the world's mind, until we can hardly conceive their purely imaginary existence, have been what we might call world-types. Whether they occur in Shakespeare's pages or in those of Moliere, Cervantes, or Goethe, be they Englishmen, Frenchmen or Teutons, we feel them to be first of all, *men*, possible denizens of any country under heaven, and only secondarily feel the race modification. Mr. Crawford can never get away from nationality. If he gives us a murderer, it is first and last an Italian murderer and could never be anything else. We do not see the incarnation of murder that we do in Macbeth. We are given the particular not the universal.

But further, we lose interest in his characters because they are too minutely dissected. When *Robert the Rich* from conscientious scruples is about to refuse to help the Ralstons, the story is stopped and for a whole chapter we are given his pedigree, his environment, and his whole personality is laid bare before us. After that, given the circumstance, we can tell exactly what he will do and care little to read his interview with Kathrine for we can foresee the result.

We are given the whole personal equation of his characters at the start. We are not allowed to grow up with them and see into their souls bit by bit as we would in real life. The personage steps out on the stage and makes his bow and then Mr. Crawford, who is never entirely lost sight of, comes forward and tells us all that we will ever know about him. Henceforward our interest is in the plot alone. The hero is a fact registered and put aside.

We cannot help feeling in reading Mr. Crawford's many books that he is a chronicler, a clever historian, a painter of portraits, but not a true novelist—for a novelist is all these and something more.

—*F. J. H. Sutton.*

THE EARLY SNOW.

Over the meadows brown and bare,—
Born of the wind and the silver night,
A myriad host of snowdrops lie,
Silent and still in the morning light.

They gleam in the rosy hush of dawn
On lowland valley and hills afar,
White as the spray of the summer sea
Or the trailing light of an evening star.

Sunset tinges the western sky ;
But into the earth they have fled away,
And brown and barren the fields remain
When over their furrows the moonbeams play.

Snowdrops out of the night are we ;
The sunset of God is yet to be.

—*R. D. Dripps.*

A MEETING.

[Being the narrative of Ezra Beckworth, Esq., some time deceased, of New York City.]

After being admitted as partner into my father's business house in New York, my first commission took me to England where I had to remain in the interests of the firm during the winter of 1793-94. I spent most of my time in London. At the beginning of March circumstances were such that I could again return to my native land, and learning that a vessel was to leave Plymouth for New York on the 16th day of the month, I left London on the 12th, thinking that this would give me an abundance of time for making the overland trip. It would have under ordinary circumstances, but as ill-fortune had it, the weather was rainy and blustering to an excessive degree, the roads were heavy, and several slight but annoying accidents befel coaches in which I traveled. For these reasons I missed stage connections four separate times and it was not until the afternoon of the 17th that Plymouth was reached. I learned, much to my chagrin, that the vessel had left promptly on the appointed day. However, a note from the captain was delivered to me in which he politely expressed regret that it had been impossible for him to wait and recommended that I go immediately to Falmouth whence he understood a vessel was to sail for Philadelphia in the course of a fortnight. Determined to accept his advice, the next morning I engaged a fly and hostler and started for Falmouth.

It was near evening when my destination was reached. I have since learned that Falmouth is one of the most charming places in all England, but on that day my impressions were anything but favorable. The wind was blowing a gale from the northeast. The one long street was saturated with rain, while the low ancient building

seemed to be crouching and shrinking under the impetuosity of the storm. From each inn and public house there issued the sounds of a roystering drunken set of fishermen and sailors.

The harbor was crowded with fishing boats and many larger craft, all storm-bound. One, a large French brig, was pointed out to me. My informant said that it had left Calais the day before, but the captain, not wishing to venture further in such weather, had put into Falmouth to wait until the storm should abate. I thought to myself that perhaps it would be advisable to secure passage on the French brig instead of waiting for the Philadelphia vessel. However, my immediate duty was to change wet garments for dry ones and secure a hot supper as soon as possible.

I went to the best hostlery in the place, the Black Ship, and considered myself very lucky in obtaining the last available room in the house, as the village was crowded with passengers from the vessels, who preferred any kind of shore accommodations to the aimless and incessant tossings of a ship at anchor.

No sooner had I closed negotiations with the landlord than I became aware that my own good fortune boded ill for another gentleman who had just arrived. As the landlord explained to him the situation, the stranger turned courteously to me with some facetious remark about "your English proverb of the early bird and the worm." He spoke with a slight French accent and in his face and manner there was something which convinced me that he was a man of distinction, one whose companionship it would be an honor as well as a pleasure to acquire. I at once offered to share my room with him, if he did not choose to venture on a further search elsewhere. The invitation was accepted with a dignified cordiality but without that prodigality of gratitude which most Frenchmen would have shown under similar circumstances.

We were then conducted to our room—a good-sized chamber, but mournfully cold and damp. We knew that the promised fire on the hearth would not give to the apartment that degree of comfort which one wants in his supper-room; and not wishing to eat in the noisy, crowded public room below, we asked the landlord if he could not devise some arrangement whereby we might enjoy our repast in cozier quarters. With that cringing servility common to British inn-keepers, he assured us that his sole object was our pleasure; he then retired to see what could be done.

During the landlord's absence I effected my change of raiment and became somewhat better acquainted with my room-mate. He was slightly lame of one foot, but his erect carriage and quick movements gave no suggestion of deformity. His bearing both as to wit and manners pleased me immensely, and when I learned that he was bound for America, being a temporary sojourner from the French brig in the harbor, I immediately determined to do my utmost to secure passage on the same vessel. On learning that I was an American he apologized for having supposed me an Englishman, and he was good enough to express the hope that we might be fellow-passengers across the Atlantic.

After a half hour the landlord returned with information that a gentleman across the hall had consented to our supping with him in his room, and that the meal was now ready to be served. Thereupon he led us to another room similar to ours in size, but aglow with the warmth and cheer of an all-day fire. As he ushered us into the chamber the landlord whispered, "He's an American general." Our host was a man of excellent physique, gray-haired, not very old, indeed, but with a melancholy and careworn look on his face. He welcomed us politely. When my turn came to receive his bow, remembering what the landlord

had just said, I at once blurted out my nationality, expressing my great joy at meeting a hero of our war in that out-of-the-way place, and praying that I might learn his name. The gentleman seemed surprised and considerably annoyed at my exclamations. After a moment's silence he said with a queer smile, "My dear young man, the revelation of my identity could not add a relish to our landlord's excellent meal. Pray be seated, gentlemen."

I took his remark as a rebuke for my rude though well meant inquiry and it was in a confusion of shame that I seated myself at the table. I did not venture upon further conversation save when direct questions were put to me. Indeed, the talk of my elders was confined during the meal to the merest commonplaces of the weather and the village.

After the servant had removed the remains of our meal, the French gentleman produced a silver snuffbox which he offered first to our host and then to me. He took a pinch himself and then fixing his eyes upon the elder man, he said :

"The first year of your President's second term is now completed. Do you suppose that he will stand again for reëlection?"

"I presume not," replied the other, adding immediately, "Do you come from London, sir?"

"Not directly. I am from France, and hope to embark for your noble country to-morrow. In what condition has your army been maintained since the reconstruction of your government?"

"Indeed, sir, my absence from America has been such a long one that I cannot answer your question intelligently. I fear you will have a stormy passage at this time of year."

And so the parrying continued, the Frenchman with keen persistence endeavoring to keep the conversation on the subject of America, and the other, visably annoyed,

resorting to every courteous means for diverting it elsewhere. Finally the aggressor, with a little shrug, took a card from his pocket portfolio and handing it across the table, remarked, "Allow me to introduce myself, General. As I am soon to be a visitor in your beloved land, will you be so kind as to give me some letters of introduction to your military friends over there?"

The other, allowing the card to drop from his hand, arose abruptly and said, "No."

The Frenchman took another pinch of snuff and then murmured, "Je comprends."

As the words were spoken it was as if a mask had been removed from the elder man's face. In a broken and hesitating voice he spoke.

"I am," he said, "the only American who cannot give you letters for his own country. All the relations I had there are now broken. I must never return to the States."

It was now the Frenchman's turn to change in manner. Rising to his feet and extending his hand, he said:

"General, a minute ago I took pleasure in causing you pain. For we have all been taught to hate what the world calls you. But now I beg your pardon, and confess that my only feeling is one of pity. I am sure my young friend here joins me in expressing gratitude for the hospitality of your room. With your permission we will retire."

When our own chamber was reached, my companion said, "Do you know who it is?"

"I can guess," I replied.

He then gave me his card; and so far as I have been able to learn, I was witness at the only meeting which ever occurred between Talleyrand and Benedict Arnold.

—*Meade T. Williams.*

RUDOLF TO FLAVIA.

If love were all, then would the shadows flee
And leave your soul, my world, ablaze with light;
But after Life there falls again the Night—
And with the Night?—Nay, love, we are not free
To work our little wills. For you and me,
Though dark the clouds and sparse the scattered light,
The way lies open, and we know aright
The path to follow through the dull To Be.

Though dear the memory of those few, brief days,
And drear the years without thee and alone,
We part for Time; and through the empty shows
Of everyday we tread divided ways
Alike converging in the weird unknown—
But keep thy love, for after life, who knows?

—F. J. H. Sutton.

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

They were sitting together in Harland's room, down in Brown, one evening during Senior vacation. The time had almost come when their college life would be a thing of the past, and they were discussing plans for the future.

"What do you expect to do, just this summer, until September, old man?" The speaker threw his knee over the arm of his easy chair and puffed meditatively at his pipe.

"Well, I don't know," answered Harland slowly. "Have n't any plans in particular. Perhaps I'll tutor if I can run across a snap anywhere."

"That's not a bad scheme, particularly if you need the cash. Don't think I would be cut out for that sort of thing unless I had to do it. That might make a difference."

"Oh, it is n't the money that I care for particularly.

You see,—you know,—well, it's just that I want to have something to occupy my mind."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Now, look here, I know what that means. Don't be a fool and worry about that girl any longer. It was a mucker trick—"

"Bob!"

"Well, it was, anyway. I wouldn't want to fuss with a girl who would treat a fellow that way."

"See here, Bob, you don't understand about this and I wish you wouldn't talk that way. Why, she and I were brought up together almost, used to make mud pies and play together and all that sort of thing, and now—. She may have good enough reasons. She can't understand how I feel about it, that's all, and—. I must have something to keep me from thinking."

Harland walked to the window and looked out into the night. Light streamed from the windows over in Dod, where the fellows were polling up for their finals, and farther across the campus he could see the moonlight shining on the white marble Halls. Higher up in Brown, over his head, some one was carelessly strumming on a banjo, but he did not seem to notice any of these things. He was thinking of the summer which seemed to promise so little for him.

"But, Dick"—Burton spoke softly as if afraid of disturbing him—"seems to me you'll have enough to do in the next two weeks to keep any ordinary man busy. How about your speech on Class Day and your visitors and all that? And after the summer's over you'll have to work hard enough. A man just has to if he's studying medicine, that's sure."

"But I'm not going to study medicine," said Harland, slowly, with his face still turned to the window. "That's one thing I wanted to tell you about. The doctor says I must give up studying entirely and go out west somewhere for my health, and—"

"Your health! What's the matter with your health? What kind of a steer are you giving a fellow, anyway?" demanded Burton, incredulously.

"I know it seems strange to you. I've always looked well enough, but it's true and I've got to go; he says I'll be all right again in a few months, so I'm going to wait a year before entering the P. and S."

"Gad! that's hard luck, old man. Why didn't you tell me about all this before?"

"I don't know. I didn't know it till a couple of weeks ago and I haven't thought of it much of late because of that other—," he stopped abruptly. "Let's talk about something cheerful," he said, throwing himself down on the cushioned window-seat. "We'll all be sourballed enough next week, anyway. Who did you say you were going to have down? That girl from Clear Harbor?"

"'Fraid not. Got most too many of my own people to jolly around. She is a queen, though. Maybe I didn't have a smooth time last summer."

"I can easily see why some of us are going back to Clear Harbor again this summer," remarked Harland.

"She's going up in the mountains somewhere this summer. Say, why didn't you get that girl of yours to come here for Commencement?"

"She wouldn't do it. It might make her feel somewhat indebted to me—and that would be unfortunate," he added somewhat bitterly.

Burton knocked the ashes from his pipe and rose from his chair. "Oh, don't you care. She will come around all right in time," he said cheerfully. "Anyway, one thing is sure, we are not going to let anything come between us after what we have gone through together,—not even a girl whom I don't know."

"I don't exactly see how she is going to come between us when you have never even seen her."

"Oh, I know. What I mean is that you are all torn up about this and there's no telling what you'll be up to next, like going into a monastery, you know, or any old thing. Listen! there is Kid Emmons and some of the fellows singing. Let's go down!"

"To drive dull care away!

To drive dull care away!—"

A little group of their classmates came down the walk towards Brown shouting the song. They halted under the window. "Hello, Pop Burton!" "Hello, Dick Harland!" "Stick your heads out!"

Burton leaned over the fire-escape and looked down. His appearance was greeted with a fresh chorus of yells:—"Say, Pop," the Kid yelled, "throw Dick out and come and get in the pee-rade. We're going to drive it away some more subsequently."

Burton backed into the window again. "Let's get in the game, Dick," he said.

"All right, I'm with you. All out for the pee-rade!"

* * * * *

Clinton, Colorado, was not marked on the map by even the tiniest of black dots. Its existence was recognized, indeed, in the railroad timetables, but there it was marked by an ominous "f" for all except the very slowest trains. Its position in the landscape was indicated by a railroad station, a water-tank and a single street bordered with a few stores and scattered houses.

The little village, though situated on a small plateau, was surrounded on all sides by still higher mountains, through whose rocky passes and narrow defiles the railroad had forced its winding way. A traveller looking from the window of a Pullman car as his train sped by would have thought it the most uninviting, perhaps, of all the little towns which he had passed since leaving Denver. And yet it was to Clinton that Dick Harland had come to get

the full benefit of high altitude and pure mountain air. During the pleasant days of the summer and autumn he had much to busy himself with, but after six months, when the winter had shut down and the familiar roads and winding mountain trails were buried in the deep snows the isolation and loneliness of that little collection of houses high up in the mountains was greater than ever before.

In the occasional absence of the regular official he amused himself by acting as "assistant" postmaster and sometimes telegraph operator in the little building which served both as a station and post office.

He would sit in the cosy little office and read through the long winter evenings undisturbed by the people of the village, or write long letters full of reminiscences to Burton and his friends in the east. He often thought of the talks he and Pop used to have in his room at college, and he wondered how Pop was getting along with his Clear Harbor girl. Burton was usually somewhat reticent about those things in his letters. But all of Harland's wandering thoughts never ceased to center about a single person. He had never heard from her since leaving college. She had been abroad, he knew, and had returned, for among the steamer arrivals in a New York paper he had seen the names of "Hon. H. W. Barclay and Miss Annie Barclay."

Pop Burton was right, he thought, she might have misunderstood him that other time and he would try again when he went back home well and strong in a few months.

It was Christmas Eve. Harland sat alone in the little station waiting for the passing of the 9:07 express which always brought the eastern mail. The night was wild and stormy. The cold winds swept down from the mountains hurrying along thick clouds of blinding snow which whirled in deepening drifts around the station platform. It whistled around sharp corners and seemed to keep up a wild minor accompaniment to the steady hum of the tele-

graph wires overhead. The train was late. At half-past nine it thundered by on the slight grade with a hiss of escaping steam and a gleam of flashing light from the long string of Pullmans which seemed to bring all the brightness and life and activity of the outside world into view for a moment in a brilliant vision which faded away with an echoing rumble as the train rushed on into the night. Dick opened the door and stepped out on the platform to bring in the mail bag which had been thrown off as the train passed.

The village of Clinton did not have an extensive correspondence with the world beyond the mountains, and it took only a short time to sort over the few letters and other matter which he found in the bag, and then he sat down by the fireside again to look over his own portion of the spoils. There were a few little Christmas remembrances from his friends in the east, which almost seemed to intensify his feeling of loneliness as they reminded him of the happiness and reunions of the holiday season in which he had no share. His mail consisted of a bundle of kodak views taken at Commencement time by his chum, a few smaller packages and finally some letters. among them a long one from Burton.

He opened at random a flat package, evidently containing a photograph, addressed in a strangely familiar handwriting. No card slipped from the folds of white tissue paper as he unwrapped it. It would have been superfluous anyway. It needed but a single glance at the sweet face with its wealth of wavy brown hair and its merry eyes which seemed to smile out at him from the picture, to cause him to start from his chair with an exclamation of joy and almost dance about the room. When the first rush of glad surprise was over he leaned back in his chair and gazed at the picture before him until things grew hazy before his eyes and he seemed to be back in childhood

again—with her. He thought of how they used to plan together, even then, about the time (very far off, then, it seemed) when they would be grown up. How differently it had all turned out. There had not been any misunderstanding then and she —. But why should he think of that now; it was all right again and she had sent her picture of her own accord. She had not written, but that was her peace offering, and it was just as good as saying that everything would be like old times again. And he would write to her that very night and tell her all that he had waited so long to say. He would write to Burton, too, and tell him all about it. Then he thought of Burton's letter. It was a long one,—Pop must be happy, too, to write so much. He opened it and began to read:

“DEAR OLD MAN:

I have done it at last. My “Clear Harbor girl” is really going to be mine. I asked her last night. I feel so happy that I can hardly realize it, and have been making no end of a fool of myself about it I presume. But I wanted to write to you first of all and tell you about it, although it does seem a little selfish, and I am afraid it will make you feel all the more lonely, away out there, to know that your old chum has gone back on you.”

Dick smiled to himself as he read that word “lonely” and paused a moment. The wind had increased to a gale and every joint and roof beam of the little stone station seemed to strain and crack in its fierce grip as each successive gust swept down upon it. The fine snow hissed against the window-panes and sifted through the crevices. Yes, it was lonely there. That is, it would be under different circumstances. But now? To-night? What difference did it make to him if the wind howled and the windows rattled—he had heard from her. He read on:

“But don't you care, you will be in the same box sometime soon. And right along this line: you remember

Dave Henderson in the class ahead of us? I enclose an item from a city paper about him which may prove interesting. I don't know the girl, do ——"

Dick turned the page and as he did so a small clipping dropped out. He picked it up and glanced at—

"MARRIED.—Henderson—Barclay: In the St. James Episcopal Church of this city, Miss Annie R. Barclay, daughter of Hon. H. W. Barclay, to David G. Henderson of Chicago, the Rev. Dr. Thomas officiating, October 20th."

He sank back in his chair utterly dazed. Annie Barclay—his Annie—married? Impossible! He would write and ask her. Her photograph still rested on the broad arm of the chair. Mechanically he turned it over. There was writing on the back. He had not noticed that before. With an effort he raised himself and read: "Let us be friends again for the sake of years gone by.—Annie Barclay Henderson."

W. C. E.

THE DAY HAS PASSED.

The dreary day has passed away—
To-night is now to-morrow;
Wild melodies the night winds play
In notes of mystic sorrow.

They chant a weird unearthly strain
And croon a lullaby;
They rise and swell—then fall again—
And lingeringly die.

The song has ceased. The wind is dead,
The sadness is no more.
Stars glow—and with the clouds has fled
The gloom of the day before.

—*Joseph Needham Kinney.*

A ROUGH ROAD TO REPENTANCE.

Mose and Jess were both as good and faithful negroes as Col. Baldock owned, but it was impossible to preserve peace and harmony in the negro quarter when they were together, so great was the difference which existed between them—a difference which no one could explain. They themselves did not know the reason of it. Col. Baldock watched them continually for fear lest they should have a serious encounter. When they became violent toward one another he sent them to work at opposite ends of the plantation. Jess was called a “bad nigger” by all in the quarter. He had blue gums, and of all things in the world a “blue gum nigger” is the most dreadful to his race. If he fixes his teeth in anyone, all hope is lost. The victim dies in great agony. Jess prided himself on his blue gums and made ample use of them in establishing his prestige. To tell the truth, Mose feared him with all the rest and avoided a personal combat quite sedulously. Mose was a staunch church member. Indeed, he stood high in church circles among the blacks. He was official “holder” at all camp meetings and revivals. The official “holder” moves about the congregation and when anyone becomes so full of religious fervor that he begins to shout and sing, and beat his neighbors over the head and turn over benches, it is the duty of the official “holder” to calm his agitated brother. Usually the calming process consists in throwing the member down on the floor and holding him until a normal condition is restored. He must therefore be of good stature and strong muscle. Mose filled these conditions admirably.

The time of the year had come for the revival which was held annually in Babylon (called Beblon) church and the negroes all turned out in full force every night. Jess, who was not of the holy, turned out, too, but the

exhortations failed to move him. He sat in the back of the church with its dirt floor covered with sawdust, and said that "de udders might git 'ligion but he don' see nuthin' in it. He git his bread en meat des de same if he ain' no chech member." Repeated attacks were made on him and each onslaught found him no nearer to religion. Finally, Deacon 'Rastus took the pulpit for a night's "'zortin'." His subject was "Repentance."

"Bredderen en Sisteren," he said, "I takes my tex' fum Sams whur it sez 'Pent an' be saved.'" ('Rastus could neither read nor write, and he quoted the same passage from all the books in the Bible, but he was accounted a good exhorter withal.) "Dat's whut de good book sez, en I'm hyar to tell you niggers dat's whut you got ter do ter git on ter de gold streets er J'rusalem en see de pearly gates. You ain' gwine ter git dar no udder way. You nee'n' ter think you kin set back on de back seats en not work fur de Lord, en He gwine ter let you in. Dat He ain't. He tell Sain' Peter en Gab'l to shet you out, en dar you is! You can't even peep over de wall. Ef you do bof yo' eyes is punched out. Now, bredderen, I want ter see all de niggers whut's on de Lord's side stan' up en say so. Now's de time! Don' put it off. Take de right road en keep in de middle ur it right on to de mension whut's prepared fur you. You know de Lord loves de nigger. He wanten see him do right. He likes de nigger better'n de white man. You know dat de Lord one time call de nigger en de white man en de injun up befo' him, en he had three bundles at his feet—one great big 'un en one sorter big 'un en one little 'un. En he say, 'Nigger, I giv' you fus' chance, take yo' pick,' en de nigger he grin en show his teeth en he grab de bigges', en den he say to de injun, 'you nex'' en de injun he takes de nex' bigges' en den he say to de white man, 'dar yo's' en de white man he took it en look sorry like. Den de Lord say, 'See whut you got,' en dey

unwrapped de bundles. Dar de nigger wus wid plows en hoes, de injun got bows en arrows, en de white man, he grins dis time—he had his han' full er writin' pens en books en money! Dat's why you's whar you is now, bredderen. Is you gwine to let de Lord offer you de bes' he got en not take it ag'in? Ain' you gwine to 'pent en be saved en walk on de golden streets er J'rusalem? Now's de time to git in de fold. De wolves er sin is howlin' on de outside. De old Scratch is pilin' up wood to roas' de sinner en de back-slider. I see Mose Baldock back dar on de back seat. Mose, is you gwine ter git in de chariot or is you gwine ter walk? Is you? Bredderen, sing 'Canaan's De Lan' Fer Me,' while I talk mo' ter dese poor moanin' sinners." The hymn began with a grand swing, the congregation began to shout and the holders began to hold. Deacon 'Rastus continued his exhortation. Things were growing warm and Jess was visibly impressed. Several of the members took him in charge and soon he began to shout also. He made up for his poor record in religious affairs. He became the mightiest of shouters. Having thrown two men down in the sawdust he fell down on his hands and knees and crawled up the aisle like some wild animal, occasionally pawing hands full of sawdust high into the air. Surely this was a great meeting. Mose, on his rounds as holder, happened to see his whilom enemy under the spell of Deacon 'Rastus' appeal; he saw him crawling up the aisle, and despite his great piety—a most wicked thing to do—he thought of how Jess had bullied him those many years, how often he had been compelled to skulk away into his cabin because he feared those terrible blue gums.

"Brudder Johnson," he said, "you 'tend to Brudder Primus while I go see 'bout Brudder Jess. De sperrit sho' is doin' its work dis night. Sho' is! Praise de Lord, Brudder Johnson!" Mose walked cautiously up behind Jess and he knocked the long spurs on his heels together

to see if they were on straight. "Praise de Lord, Bredderen! Praise de Lord! He sho' is lookin' down on us dis night." He was saying to himself meanwhile that a "blue gum nigger" was just like any other "nigger" when he had religion. He would not think of biting while he was filled with religion. "Praise de Lord, Bredderen, dat Brudder Jess is at las' in de army of de Lord! Praise!"—with one long plunge he landed astride Jess' broad back and stuck the spurs into his sides, as he stuck them into his mule Becky's. Jess leaped forward with frantic plunges toward the pulpit, but Mose clung close to his back! He was a magnificent "holder." Failing to get Mose off by this method, Jess rolled over on his back, but the spurs went deeper and Mose held to him tighter. He got on his hands and knees again and resumed his mad careering towards the pulpit. The congregation became interested in Jess' conversion and sang "On the Road to Jordan's Shore." The chief "holders" crowded around to offer words of congratulation.

"Has you repented, Brudder Jess? Is you on de Lord's side at las'?" Deacon 'Rastus said joyfully. "Let him up, Brudder, en let all de bredderen en sisteren shake his hand."

Mose quickly dismounted from his steed and disappeared and Jess got up with his eyes bulging from his head with anger.

"Has you 'pented, Brudder Jess? Is you gwine to jine de chech of de Lord?" said Deacon 'Rastus.

"Yes, Brudder 'Rastus," said Jess, rubbing his sides ruefully, "but I des tell you I got to make dat nigger whut rode me up hyar 'pent too. De holders er de Lord ain' got no business wearin' spurs."

—*W. F. McCombs, Jr.*

EDITORIAL.

RECENT ATTACKS ON PRINCETON.

Princeton University had hardly returned to a normal condition, after the unusual stir attendant upon the Sesqui-centennial celebration, when it began to be subjected to a series of attacks, led at first by ill-advised and fanatical exponents of a principle as short-sighted as it is intolerant, but rapidly tearing away from its first leaders under the leadership of men equally ill-advised, but whose integrity of purpose, and whose high standing in the religious world gave an added sharpness to their words. It is unnecessary to point out to Princeton men the ignorance of conditions as they exist in this university which is evident in many of these attacks. It is equally unnecessary to point out the unfortunateness of selecting as their object a university which by its very spirit and atmosphere as well as by its rural situation is freed from so many of the dangers which beset the average college student. The alumni of the university are clear-headed enough to leave the settlement of all such questions to the proper college authorities. They know the men who mould the action of the Faculty and of the Board of Trustees, and they place implicit confidence in their judgment. They know what college life is. They know what it is not only at Princeton, but at other universities; and therefore, although attacks of this sort cannot fail to awaken regret and serious thought, nevertheless not for a moment do they obscure faith in the good name of Princeton, or belief in the integrity and uprightness of the Princeton undergraduates as compared with the under-

graduates of any other American or Foreign university. Every college is confronted with problems of a precisely similar nature to that which *The Voice* has seen fit to lay at the feet of Princeton and of Yale alone. Such problems have never been finally solved. They present peculiar difficulties. They are surrounded by circumstances utterly incomprehensible to those who have never been in close touch with college life. They are not to be settled by the mere passing of any rule or set of rules, nor by the application of any theory, however attractive. Their settlement must be slow and gradual. The life of an institution can not be revolutionized in a moment any more than that of a man; and so when certain periodicals treat the questions in practical morality which present themselves to such institutions, as though their settlement depended merely on the passing of rules and regulations on the part of the faculty or trustees, they simply show their inability to understand the fundamental conditions of college life. The purpose of this editorial, however, is not to pass judgment upon *The Voice* or upon any other periodical which has followed in its lead. We would merely call the attention of the undergraduate body to certain results of the agitation which these periodicals have set in motion. The average Princeton undergraduate is a good deal like the average young man in any part of the world. Sometimes, when he is swept away by the spirit of old Princeton,—as many an undergraduate was up at New Haven on November twentieth,—he is a good deal better than most young men; and sometimes, when he is least of a Princeton man, when he gets farthest away from the Princeton spirit and begins to show the kind of boyishness which makes an honest son of Princeton ashamed when he comes to himself,—he has a good deal to be sorry for. But take him all in all, and you have a man not so different from other men, and being like other men it is not surprising that his

whole nature cries out against the absurd attacks on what is to him the dearest thing in the world—the Princeton Spirit. When he goes on to show his contempt for these attacks by going a great deal farther in what he calls fun than he really has any desire to go, he is also doing a very natural thing, but one which is very serious in its effects on Princeton. There never was a time when it was more important for Princeton undergraduates to be over-careful not to do anything which by any possible means could be construed to the detriment of this university than the present. For many reasons it is a time of crisis in the history of Princeton. The outside world has never passed so keen a scrutiny upon the university as it is passing to-day. We realize this perfectly; we regard it almost as a truism. Very good; let us see to it, that so far as we are concerned, everything is clean and above-board. Let us see to it that a recent occurrence which has been a good deal talked about in Princeton, and which has been exaggerated and misrepresented in the daily press, is the last of its kind. Let us be watchful and scrupulous to a fault, and if for no other reason—"Just for Princeton."

GOSSIP.

"And things are not what they seem."

—*Longfellow.*

"Youth," said the magician in a solemn tone as he placed the bowl upon the stand in front of the trembling Gossip, "thy persistence is greater than thy wisdom! Gaze!" The black, inky liquid was in a state of violent ebullition, which continued for some time and then gradually ceased. As the agitation diminished, spots of color became visible which seemed to be arranging themselves slowly, according to some definite system. When the surface of the liquid had reached a condition of quietude it revealed a picture, a picture which possessed color, movement, sound, odor, a picture as convincing as reality itself. It showed a large, palatial apartment, richly furnished in oak and leather, beautifully decorated with palms, ferns, and roses. The soothing strains of a concealed orchestra were heard. Everything was suggestive of luxurious refinement. Languid looking young men in evening dress were wandering about aimlessly, or chatting together here and there in small groups. Ennui and deferential courtesy were characteristic of each one.

"What is it?" asked the Gossip.

"That," said the magician, "is a scene in the Princeton gymnasium on the evening of December 9. The Senior elections are being held."

Thereupon he tapped the bowl with his wand, and immediately the boiling was renewed. As before, this continued for some time, and when the liquid became quiet another picture was exhibited on its surface. A smiling youth was seen, the personification of exultant satisfaction. He was seated in a parlor car and was engaged in counting over a huge roll of bank notes. When he finished he took out a notebook and began writing down the names of articles which he was soon to purchase. He seemed to have great difficulty in making the list sufficiently long. This was the only thing in the world which vexed him. In answer to the Gossip's inquiring glance, the magician said, "It is a Princeton student returning from New Haven after the football game on November 20." While speaking, he tapped the bowl again.

After the preliminary bubbling the contents of the bowl made another manifestation. This time of a newspaper. It was filled with well-written matter of great interest to all Princeton men. It contained no description of the library; no account of the new sidewalk across the campus of Oshkosh University. Every sentence was grammatically cor-

rect; there were no cleft infinitives, no use of "like" for "as;" no objects after intransitive verbs. There were no editorials. The Gossip raised his eyes to the title line, and there read, *The Alumni Princetonian*.

Again the bowl was tapped; again the seething began; again the liquid made revelation. It showed the interior of a cozy, well-illuminated chamber. Thick rugs covered the waxed floors, and silken curtains hung in front of the windows. Leather covered chairs and sofas were scattered about the room, in which seven seniors were seated or sprawled. One of them had his feet propped up against the gold bust of Shakespeare. Liveried servants were opening bottles of champagne and handing around cigars. There were two tables in the room. On one were piled stacks and stacks of type-written copy, essays, stories, poems, all signed by members of the class of '99. The other table was covered with checks galore, greenbacks, banknotes, gold and silver coin. The firm-jawed youth at this table was writing an order for another safe in which to store away the surplus money. The magician spoke as follows: "Doubtless thou recognizest this as a characteristic scene in the office of THE NASSAU, LITERARY MAGAZINE."

One more transformation took place. The next picture was of the Faculty room. Seated behind the long desk were several dignified professors. In front of the desk, leaning forward with his hands resting upon it, was a blushing young man with a sheepish look in his eyes. "I promise you," he was saying, "that I will try not to go so often in the future." Reply was made by the most venerable of the professors. He brought his fist down on the desk and said in a deep, emphatic voice, "It must be stopped, sir, at once. You *know* what the doctor's orders are; you *know* what your health demands; and yet in spite of the physician's advice, in spite of our admonitions, you obstinately persist in getting up every morning at eight o'clock and going to cha——."

It was at this point that the bowl burst and the black, inky liquid was spilt upon the floor.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A SONG.

Thine is the body beautiful,
And I its priest,
In all things dutiful
E'en to the least !
Seeking no other gain,
Asking no other good—
Love's unrequited pain,
Burning of blood !

Thou in the storied ages
Shadowed has been,
Ruth, in the Bibled pages ;
Troy's fateful queen ;
Jaël, the Canaanite,
Sisera am I ;
Bought by thy beauty's wages,
Willing to die.

Veiled eyes and sandled feet
Smelling of myrrh—
Come, I with incense meet
Ever to her
Whose beauty all in all
Is but my bane,
Holding my heart its thrall
Even through pain.

Thine is the body beautiful,
And I its priest,
In all things dutiful
E'en to the least !
Seeking no other gain,
Asking no other good—
Love's unrequited pain,
Burning of blood !

—*H. R. R., in Trinity Tablet.*

TIME CHANGETH.

—
Curls and crimps,
Crimps and curls,
Great, stiff sleeves,
Are now called *girls*.

Collars white,
Cuffs, and then
Trousers tight,
Are now called *men*.

Coat of Arms,
Crown above,
Lots of cash,
Are now called *love*.

Eve wore no
Crimps as yet,
Adam had no
Coronet.

Would that we two,
Fashion rid,
Lived and loved
As Adam did.

—H. W. Z., in *The Morningside*.

THE GYPSY STRAIN.

—
It comes with the autumn's silence,
When great Hills dream apart,
And far blue leagues of distance
Call to the Gypsy-heart.

When all the length of sunny roads,
A lure to restless feet,
Are largesses of goldenrod
And beck of bitter-sweet.

Then the wand'rer in us wakens,
And outs from citied girth,
To go a-vagabonding down
The wide ways of the Earth.

—Arthur Ketchum, in *Williams Lit. Monthly*.

BOOK - TALK.

The First Christmas Tree. By Henry Van Dyke. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

No Princeton graduate of recent years has succeeded in attaining a richer or more beautiful style than Henry Van Dyke. His descriptive work at its best reminds one of James Lane Allen, and of those delicate and aerial stories which form so large a part of the most characteristic French literature. Dr. Van Dyke has worked in a broad field. He has written stories, poetry, criticism. All his work has this light touch, this playful fancy, wedded to an unusual culture and refinement ; but it is by no means even in character. His poetry at times is of singular beauty, and even of strength. But one cannot escape a feeling that it is the careful and finished artist who is writing, and not the poet who is impelled to write because of the glory of his vision. In other words it is too often lacking in spontaneity. We read, enjoy, praise, but are not moved. With Dr. Van Dyke's critical work it is very different. The reader of his interpretation of "The Poetry of Tennyson" does not wonder that the laureate found in it so much to praise. It is one of those books that wear well. Readers turn from it to Lord Hallam's biography of his father, and find a flood of light thrown on Tennyson's poetry, but it all comes through the same channels, and one reads over the older book with just as much delight and with renewed enthusiasm. No student of Tennyson can pass it by without losing one of the most satisfying appreciations of the poet's genius.

The latest book which Dr. Van Dyke has published is a Christmas story, written in the author's most winning style, and in the third part, at least, attaining a real power. When one lays it down, however, it is with a feeling of wonder as to why it was ever written. One wishes that Dr. Van Dyke would return to his first love, and devote himself once more to literary criticism. As a writer of fiction he is so far less satisfying. He paints beautiful pictures, rich in imagery, delicate in fancy. But such writing, however beautiful, cloyes at last. One reads it once and then gives the book away without being conscious of the slightest sacrifice. So it is with Dr. Van Dyke's story in the Christmas number of *Scribner's Magazine*. We feel, in spite of ourselves, that this is not what we have a right to expect ; that it has not the true ring which sounds in "The Builders," and in "The Poetry of Tennyson ;" and, being perfectly frank, we do not hesitate to say so.

The American College in American Life. By Charles F. Thwing.
New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Thwing is well known in educational circles in this country. He has contributed many articles to the magazines, and has published a number of books on education. The present volume has all the characteristics of the author's previous work, containing little that is original but much that has been said before, and in some instances put in a very much better way. His work impresses one as being written and sold "by the yard." The book under consideration has some very interesting parts, and although the author, as has been said above, does not give us much that is new, he at least takes a sane view in most of the topics which he discusses. The plan to increase the tuition in every college to the actual cost per student of his college education has had many supporters in the past and in the Critic's mind its logic is sound. There are many students who come to college, who would be willing to pay such a tuition, and this would not only increase the revenue of the institution but would enable it to make a greater number of reductions to students who can not afford to pay a tuition, which although below the actual cost of education, is above their means.

Mr. Thwing in two of his chapters adopts a somewhat apologetic tone in defence of the American College of to-day. The American College of to-day needs little apology and no defence. It is a useless waste of ink, at the present to go into the advantages of a college education, in the light of what has been said, and said so often in the past, and in the light of the part that every one knows that the American College has played in American life. The most admirable feature of "*The American College in American Life*," is the enormous mass of statistics which Mr. Thwing has collected, which bear on his subject. Statistics are excellent things to demonstrate abstract ideas. The human mind longs for a concrete example in every proposition. The human mind also demands that the examples and statistics be correct in every detail. Now Mr. Thwing has fallen short at this point. I will give two examples : In his list of college graduates who have filled the president's chair he has James Madison, a graduate of William and Mary, and in the list of vice-presidents he has made Hobart a graduate of Princeton. Such mistakes are sufficient to throw distrust upon his statistics as a whole. The author is a graduate of Harvard, and a Congregational minister and it is apparent upon the most superficial reading of his book, that these two things have largely determined his point of view. It seems that Mr. Thwing has embodied just a little too much of these two in his book. They have served to narrow his outlook. On the whole the book cannot be called a success in any sense.

His Grace of Osmonde. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York : Chas. Scribner's Sons.

"His Grace of Osmonde" is not the sequel but the supplement to "A Lady of Quality." It is the same story told from the man's standpoint, and is a defense and an explanation of the earlier book. To most readers "A Lady of Quality" raised two questions; first as to the possibility of the Duke remaining ignorant of the cause of John Oxon's death; and secondly, what his attitude would be toward his wife, knowing her connection with "the town-rake."

The first doubt is cleared up in "His Grace of Osmonde." We are told the Duke knew and pardoned as a brave man should, but the second and really important question is passed over. Despite the fact that the second book is supposed to throw new light on the story, Clo Wildairs is still so clearly the foremost character in both that one feels as if one were rereading "A Lady of Quality," and found it only a little better told. His Grace is still the subordinate character, and though minutely described, appears little in person and leaves us more the impression of a picture than a personality. Clo Wildair's, despite everything, is a vital, breathing woman, but the Duke is only a described ideal, a Greek god without the Olympian imperfections. He is the absolutely perfect man tried and found worthy. Every man has his ideal, bad or good, of what a man should be, but to read the account of an incarnated ideal having no faults or imperfections to indicate his humanity certainly palls on one.

As an historical novel "His Grace of Osmonde" singularly fails to give us any 18th century atmosphere. The characters are in knee-breeches and periwigs and say "'tis" and "'twould," but this is all. One has only to open "Henry Esmond" to see the difference. Mrs. Burnett has ventured to bring the Duke of Marlborough on the scene and it is singular to note the difference between her conception and Thackeray's. Her Marlborough is a godlike character, Osmonde's other self, capable of seeing into and sympathizing with pure minds. In fact, a man of such nobility of mind that it is not Marlborough, at least not the one Henry Esmond admired and despised, the man who "achieved the highest deed of daring or deepest calculation of thought as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable; told a lie, or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a beggar of a half-penny, with a like severity and equal capacity of the highest and lowest acts of our nature."

After all, the real value of this novel lies in its being a tale of pure, profound and ennobling love, and if one looks for nothing else, he is satisfied.

Social Life in Old Virginia before the War. By Thomas Nelson Page.
New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1.50.

After reading this sympathetic sketch, there is one idea which remains in a person's mind above all others. And that is the idea of

"family." Life in the Old South meant family life, always. And when we remember what the economists say about the family being the unit of a civilized state, and when we consider the many unfamily features of modern city life, we can't help but ask, "Were those people so very uncivilized even if they did have slaves?" But this book was not written to put one in an argumentative mood. It is merely a simple and straightforward description of life on a typical plantation in Virginia during the period immediately preceeding the civil war. Many ante-bellum novels and plays have been written in recent years by persons who have the vaguest possible notions of the scenes and conditions described. The authors make their characters say "reckon" and "sah" and slur the "r," and then suppose they are portraying typical Southerners. One object of Mr. Page's book, as he says in the introduction, is to correct this superficial idea of what used to characterize old-time Southerners. Certainly no topic in American history appeals more to the imagination than this one of Mr. Page's. We read of the peaceful happy conditions of life which had been developed so normally and so slowly, and knowing as we do all the time, how violently, how swiftly these conditions were to be changed, the whole subject takes on that weird fascination of inevitableness which an epic possesses. Works on American history which can really interest as well as instruct are not any too numerous, and for this reason Mr. Page's volume should be welcomed.

Gloria Victis. By J. A. Mitchell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1.25.

For a long time Mr. Mitchell was famous only as the editor of *Life*. Then, a year or so ago, he began to be talked of as the author of "Amos Judd." We venture to predict that the present volume will not add anything to his reputation. Many people who read "Amos Judd" will be disappointed in "Gloria Victis." The former novel was a great big beautiful lie, the frank, eloquent kind we all love. "Gloria Victis" is only queer. The climax, the appearance of Jesus Christ in a New York boarding house, and his raising the dead, is much more daring than the motif of "Amos Judd;" but there are so many elements of convincing realism in the work and so many touches of pretty humor, that the ideal and miraculous ending seems out of place artistically. The story fails to satisfy. We feel that the author is too strenuous in his effort to be unconventional. But there is one phase in which the novel cannot be too highly praised. The style is a model of clean and concise expression. Probably no American author has greater skill than Mr. Mitchell in putting the maximum of thought in the minimum of words.

This Country of Ours. By Benjamin Harrison. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Ex-President Harrison's book entitled, "This Country of Ours,"

may be regarded by some as a most useful and valuable book to acquaint the ordinary business man, with the organization and the everyday workings of the federal government, without giving any extended critical study of it, and others may regard it as an indifferent sort of book, which does not go deep enough into the philosophy of our constitution, and which does not add anything to the great mass of work that has already been done by such great authorities as Story, Cooley and Dicey; less than this, that it does not in any adequate measure, even give the result of what these men have done. Both views are correct. But whatever may be said of the book, it is without a doubt, of value in teaching those who have not the time, or the inclination to go deeply into the subject, something of what that great organization down at Washington really means, and how it manages to conduct this great country of ours through prosperity and panic alike from year to year. The book is very valuable, being written in a simple, unadorned and direct style. It is not scholarly, but it gives valuable instruction. It is not pretentious, and for this very reason it will be more readily accepted by the great busy mass, who wish to get a knowledge of the government without a great deal of mental gymnastics, such as are required in reading Story and Cooley. The author seems to put more interest into that part of the book which relates to the life and duties of the President, than he does elsewhere. He throws a light on the life of the President which could only be thrown by one who has had a personal experience in the presidential chair.

Celebrated Trials. By Henry Lauren Clinton. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.

During the last half century the most celebrated criminal trials in this country have been held in New York City, and with almost every one of these Henry Lauren Clinton has been connected, sometimes as prosecutor and sometimes for the defence. In this book a full account of these trials is given. Mr. Clinton defended Mrs. Cunningham in her famous trial for the murder of Dr. Burdell in 1857; he assisted in the prosecution of William M. Tweed for official misconduct, in 1873; and with John R. Fellows, he helped clear Richard Croker of the charge of murder, in 1874. For one book to contain a full account of these trials is alone sufficient to make it very interesting. Still others, however, are related, and many incidental occurrences are recounted which make the book a valuable as well as a thoroughly entertaining one. Mr. Clinton's style is clear and popular, legal phraseology not occurring too frequently for the pleasure of the layman. We would, however, criticise the author's egotism. Mr. Clinton reminds one somewhat of Senator Benton in his extreme appreciation of his own influence in every cause. We think a great deal would have been added to this book could the reader have been left to infer many things which the author bluntly

states. He often makes too much of how his stirring appeals affected the jury. It would often contribute to the interest of the trials, if many of the speeches and clever rejoinders which he made in the trials were omitted. In the case in which the able and eloquent Mr. Fellows took part, we hear nothing of what that distinguished gentleman did; it is only of Mr. Clinton that we hear. The book, however, is well worth reading, and on its pages will be found many very helpful suggestions to a young lawyer or one contemplating a legal career.

The War of the Greek Independence. By Allison Phillips. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

This book, as the author modestly acknowledges, is not the result of any original research, nor does it contain any facts which cannot be found in the more elaborate works which have already appeared on the same subject. But in view of the fact that recent events have served to invest Greece and her history with more than ordinary interest, Mr. Phillips has attempted to assist those who cannot go into an extended study of the Greek question to form a clearer judgment upon the question at issue. With this end in view the author has devoted his opening chapters to a careful analysis of the scenes of events leading up to the memorable period of Greek history between 1821 and 1833. There seems to be, however, an element of partiality in his attempt to show the necessary historical continuity of the Hellenic race. We are forced to question at the start his statement that the Greeks, more than any other nation of modern Europe, have succeeded in assimilating those numerous foreign elements which have intermingled with them. The chapters on the actual history of the war are faultless in the matter of details and accuracy and bear the stamp of the scholar and critic. Mr. Phillips seems to have been governed by the cold precision of the historian, and his work is lacking in charm of expression and sympathetic atmosphere. If he could have borne in mind, throughout his work, the statement which he makes in his closing pages that, "The Athenian crowd, which listened to the masterpieces of Aeschylus and Sophocles was as fickle, superstitious and as cruel as the Athenian crowd of to-day," he would have produced a work whose popularity would be assured.

A Capital Courtship. By Alexander Black. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons Price \$1.00.

Mr. Black is a very good photographer but a very poor writer of fiction. "A Capital Courtship," is a laboriously constructed story manufactured in order that it may be set off by "seventeen illustrations from life, photographed by the author," to quote from the title page. The idea is certainly a novel one, and those who are fond of new things because they are new will appreciate this book. But the craving after

the new and unconventional is not a healthful sign of the times. And for this reason one is sorry to find an old established house, publishing such a book as this. It is only just to say, however, that the photographs are excellent ones, and admirably reproduced. Two of them are of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. McKinley at the President's desk in the White House.

Mrs. Knollys and Other Stories. By F. J. Stimson. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Crawford is undoubtedly right in declaring that every novel should contain a romance ; but when, as in Mrs. Stimson's case, we are given seven love stories, the reader feels privileged to object. All of them we may add end badly for we are given love thwarted by death, by parents, by honor, by force, by malice. But though all these tales are tinged with a delicate melancholy and are wearisome if read together, taken one by one they are well and charmingly told. "Mrs. Knollys" is told with great pathos and the author has been singularly happy in descriptions of nature which rise at times almost to the level of poetry. Were these stories interspersed with others of a different character they would be more apt to be appreciated as they deserve for they are skillfully written and worthy of the author of "King Noanutt."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Columbia Verse, by J. N. Rosenberg and J. M. Proskauer. New York : William Beverly Harrison.

Colonial Mobile, by Peter J. Hamilton. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.